WAIT.

BY JAMES BUCHANAN.

a little lad just coming eight.
When shall I be as big as you!"
"Dear boy" I answeed, "wait."

The years have come, the years have gone; The lad is tall and strong and straight; Yet still he asks, "What have I done?" "Dear toy," I answer, "wait."

It came at last— hat sweet content.

He yeares no longer to be great.

"Dear friend, I know now what you mean!,
He cries," when you said, 'wait!" -Home Journal

THE SMALL BOY'S STORY.

It all came of my having a railway key and being made to take music les-

Thompson gave me the key when he was leaving last term. I don't know how he came by it, or what good it was to him as he never saw a train except when he went home for the holidays; but he was always talking of the con-

He gave it me in exchange for a bit of Letty's hair (she's my sister, and Thompson was dreadfully in love with her) and a scrap of the bonnet trimming she wore in church. I stole that but had to ask her for the hair, and she brought out a whole bundle and said I might trade away the lot if I chose. 'Hair wasn't worth much now.

Music was another thing altogether. Herr Otto Finke was an old friend of my father's, and live! at Luckboro' our market town.

He took a fancy to me—bother him; and actually persuaded my father and mother to let me come over to Luckboro' every market-day, with my father, for a lesson in German and music. I didn't mind dining with him first (uncommonly queer messes we had, and lots of jam with them)—but the music was simply disgusting—(in the holidays, too!—and the lessons generally ended by Finke getting to the piano himself, and warbling sengs of his Vaterland by the hour. He did so once too often though—and now I have

got to my story.

We used to come and go between
Mosslands and Luckboro' by omnibus. There was a Mosslands station on the line between Luckboro' and London, but by father never went by it if he could help it. When he did, though I had the key with me I never dare use it, and began to think I had made a bad bargain with Thompson.

One Tuesday, however, last winter, Finke got so carried away by his own sweet singing that he kept on long after I ought to have gone to meet my father, and then got so remorseful that I thought he was going to cry; or per-haps want to keep me all night. 'Look here,' I said, 'it doesn't matter.

There's a train that gets in as soon as the bus. I can catch it if I run-Good-by!' And off I scudded, one arm in and one out of my top-coat, fer I was sure he'd object, or want to see me off. I had money, and there was a train, which came up long before I had seen all I wanted about the station.

I made a dash at a carriage. It wasn't locked, as I half hoped it might be, and in I scrambled, but was nearly blown out again by a volley of the strongest language I ever did hear. The train started and jerked me down into a seat before I'd time to get my breath. I was not used to bad expressions, and my fellow-traveller's remarks made my blood run cold,

There were ladies in the carriage, but he didn't seem to mind that. He had a red, scowling face, with heavy red eyebrows and bloodshot eyes. All the rest of him was a mass of railway rugs and wraps. I had tumbled over his toes into the middle seat opposite, where I sat scared and speechless, till I caught the eyes of the lady next to

him fixed on me.

Ugh! such a bad old face! A tight, cruel mouth, with all sorts of coil-lines about it, and wicked, sharp gray eyes that screwed into one like gimlets. I didn't care much for Redface by this time. I don't believe he would 'twist my neck and chuck me out of window, as he suggested; but I hated her all over at once, from her sausage-curls—grizzly-gray, two on each side—to her hooked claws of fingers that were twitching away at her knitting-needles, in and out of a big gray stocking. 'Hush, Sammy,' she said quite sweet-ly; 'the poor child means no harm, and

he can easily get out at the next station

—Where are you going to, love? I could only gape in reply and she must have thought I was a softy, for she twisted my ticket clean out of my hand before I knew what she was

'Mosslands. Very good. That's the next station. I'll see him safe out,

Sammy, dear. Sammy growled an inarticulate re

sponse from under his rugs.

The third passenger had neither spoken nor stirred. She sat on the same side as the other two, covered with a big plaid rug, and a blue woollen veil tied over her head. I could make nothing out except that she seemed asleep in a very uncomfortable attitude.

I sat in the middle opposite the old woman. It was so disagreeable, finding her sharp eyes on me while her needles clicked on just the same, that I thought I might as well pretend to go to sleep too. So I curied myself up, and gave one or two nods, and then dropped my face on my arm so that she couldn't see it.

Presently I heard the needles going slower and slower. I peeped, and saw the big bonnet and sausage-curls giv-

to make sure she was quite asleep; then contiously groped in the seat beside her, and hauled up a little black bag. He opened it softly, drew out a silver-topped flask, and closed it just a jerk of the train roused the old lady. Sammy dived back into his corner; and she sat dived back into his corner; and she sat bolt upright, rubbed her eyes hard, felt suspiciously about till she found the bag, stowed it away behind her, and resumed her knitting. Only for a few moments, though; with a weary groan she let stockings, needles and all go down with a run, and dropped back sounder asleen than before.

sounder asleep than before. Then from Sammy's corner came gurgle-soft and low-many times repeated, then all was quiet.

Now was my time. I began to look about, and think what I should do first. Whether I dared get upon the seat and see how the communication with the guard worked, and what would happen if I pulled it. If the train did stop, I could make off, or say it was Sammy. He was half-tipsy now, and people wouldn't believe him. First of all I went to the window to you were travelling, and hinting at the mysterious penalties the company might inflict if they caught you using it. sitting up now, and looking intently at me. What an uncomfortable set they

were, to be sure! I looked around at her directly. She was very young-younger than Letty, and she's just seventeen, and not pret-ty—but so thin and frightened looking

that I felt quite unhappy about her. She fixed her big bright eyes on me, and put up her finger. 'Don't speak,' she said in a clear whisper. 'Keep looking out of the window. Can you hear what I am saying?'
I nodded, and she went on, looking

now at me, and now at the old woman. 'If they get me to London, I am a dead woman. You are my last chance. Will you help me?

I nodded very hard indeed, and looked at the communication with the guard. She shook her head.

'No, that's no good. I must get away at the next station. He is safe. Can you stop her from following me?' I didn't believe I could. I might have thrown a rug over Sammy, and sat on him for a minute or two; but that old woman was too much for me. I felt that directly she woke she'd see what I was thisking of, and strangle me before I could stir. The precious minutes were flying—the miles were hurrying past us in the outside gloom—the girl's big woeful eyes were fixed on me in desparate annual.

on me in desparate appeal.

'I have friends who will save me if I can but get to them,' she panted.
'Just one minute's chance—only one—' All at once I had an idea. A splendid

one! 'Look at this,' I whispered, and held up my railway key. 'If I open this door, dare you get out? You can hold on outside till the train stops. Run straight across the down line.
There's only a bank and a hedge on
the top. Lots of gaps in it nearer the
station. There you are on the Luckborough Road. Do you hear?"

I was quite hot and out of breath with whispering all this as plain as I could. She caught every word as fast as I could think it almost.

What with the feeling of my own cleverness; hatred of that nasy old woman and delight in spiting her; and pity for the poor girl, I felt as brave as any fellow, however big, could do, and full of ideas as well.

'Give me that,' I said, pointing to her blue veil. 'They won't see you're gone if I sit here, with it tied over my head.'

'Oh, no, no! They'll kill you.' 'Not they! They can't interfere with me.' (I declare, I felt as if I could fight Tammy and a dozen old ladies just then.) 'Quick! now or never!' I tied the veil over my head and lowered the window as softly as possible. There was no time to lose, for the train was slackening speed even then. She gave me one look that made me feel braver than ever, and inclined to cry, both at once; and in a second she was out on the step. The train stopped. I saw her skirt flutter in the stream of light that fell from our open carriage door across the down line of rails, and that was all,-and I was huddled down un-

der the big plaid rug with the old wo-man wide-awake standing over me. 'Drat the boy, Sammy! Call the porter; he's got out at the wrong side!"
"Call-un-yre-self," answered Sammy, all in one word.

She pulled the door to and tramped back to her seat, taking no more notice of me than if 1 had been a cushion of the carriage. 'It don't matter if he has broken his neck either,' she muttered, 'perhaps we'd better make no fuss.' The train was off again. I dared not jump up while she was in the way, and thought I must take my chance at the next station.

'Oh! my bones and body!' she groaned presently. 'Oh, what a time it has been

No answer.

'Sammy!' She was up again, and I think she hauled him up and shook him, for something fell with a crasa like a broken bottle.

'You idiot,' she screamed. 'When you want all the brains you've got, and more too! To play me this trick! Serve you right if I get out and leave you at the next station—ugh!'

It sounded as if she were banging his head againt the carriage. That and the fresh air seemed to rouse him. He got up and put his head out of the window for a short time, and then replied

Now, look here, old woman. None of your nonsense. When he's wanted, Samuel Nixon is all there. And no man alive can say he isn't,' he went on solemnly holding carefully on to one word till he was sure of the next. 'As

ing a lurch forward and then backward, once, twice; then a big snore; and then she was off too.

I didn't stir for a minute, for I saw that 'Sammy' was up to something. He leant forward, and peeped at her as if selves.'

word till he was sure of the next. 'As to this business... I ask you—Is it mine or is it yours? Now then?'

'Yours, I should think; as 'it's your wife who is giving us all this trouble. I wish I'd left you to fight it out your-selves.'

'Stop that,' said Sammy, who was talking himself sober and consequently savage. 'I'll not have it put upon me. I didn't want to marry her; that was your doing, and I don't want to make away with her; that's your doing, and it it's a handary matter. I am not the if it's a hanging matter, I am not the

'Heaven forgive you, Sammy!' said the old woman, evidently horribly scared. 'Don't you talk in that way to your poor old mother—don't. If the poor creature was only in her right mind she'd be the first to say her old nurse was her best friend—the only one she had in the world when her pa died and left her.'

Here she sniffled a little.

gave a sort of derisive growl. —'And as to her marrying you; it stood to reason that she must marry somebody, sometime, left all alone in the world with her good looks and her fortune; and why not my handsome son? It was luck for you, Sammy, though you turn against me now.

There would be set in Wood mere Cemetar, at Detroit Mich. The pages and will cost usuarly six thousand dollars. Mr. Fatterson is also having cut a number of the fine monuments among which are as There you were, just come home from foreign parts, without a halfpenny in your pocket, or a notion where to turn to find one; and there was she without a relation or friend to interfere with you—as simple as a baby—not a crea-ture to stop her doing as she chose with herself and her money. It would have been a sin and a shame to lose

might have lived happy and peaceable if you'd chosen. Haven't I been down on my bended knees to beg you to let her alone when you was treating her that shameful that the whole country-side was ringing with it. You know it, and others know it. And I can tell you what, Mr. Samuel Nixon, if she'd been found dead in her bed, as I expected every morning of my life to hear, there wasn't a servant in the place that wouldn't have spoken up before the Coroner—and glad to do it. Who'd have swung for it then, I'd like to know.

The brute was mastered. I heard him shuffling his feet about uneasily; then—in a maudlin whimper: 'It was drink, nothing else, and her aggravat-ing, whining ways. Don't be hard on me old woman, I'm sure I've given in

handsome to all your plans.'

'Because you couldn't help yourself

--you fool. Now you see what it is to have your poor old mother to turn to. Your wife may talk as much as she pleases now. Who'll believe her when we've got it written down by two London doctors that she's as mad as mad can be? Who's to mind her talk, or anyone else's? Aren't we tak-ing her up to London just for the good of her health, to a nice safe place where she will be well looked after and kept from getting herself and other folks into any more trouble; and then you and me will go back, Sammy, and live as happy and comfortable as you

'They will treat her like a lady- eh, mother?

mother?

'Of course they will; a beautiful place, and the best of living. Bless you, she'll be as happy as the day is long. It does you credit being so tenuer-hearted, Sammy. I knew you couldn't abide seeing her storming and raving as she did last night, so I just gave her a little sup of something before we started, and you see she's been sleeping like a baby ever since. And sleeping like a baby ever since. And the gentleman-where she's going you know-he gave me this bottle; and when we get to London I've just to give her a whiff of it on a handkercher, and off she goes as quiet as a lamb. No screams or tantrums this time; and he and his nurses will be on the lookout for us with his carriage, and be-fore she knows it there she'll be as snug as you please.'
This was awful!

What should I do? Were we ever going to stop? Was there another station before London? Should I be drugged, dragged off and made away with? I knew if they found me out it was all over with me. The pattern of the blue Shetland veil danced before my eyes-the noise of the train was as the sound of the roar of artillery in my ears. I sat up, ready for a spring and a struggle.

A jerk! Another! A stop, and the door flung open.
'Tickets, please.'

I made one plunge. I flung the rug clean over the old woman, dashed my arm into Sammy's face, and tumbled headlong out, into the arms of the astonished ticket collector. I felt him clutch me, and then the ground rose up, or I went down—down—into an unfathomable depth of blackness!

'Hullo! old fellow. Better now?' were the first word I heard. Thompson's voice! There he was with a glass of water in his hand, stopping over me. Thompson's mother was kneeling beside me, cuddling me up against her nice soft sealskin. I was on the waiting-room sofa, and about a dozen people were all standing staring round. Thompson went and telegraph-ed home that I was safe, and then he and his mother took me to the house

in London, where they were staying.
I can't remember much after that. was ill for many weeks, I believe. I tried to tell people what had happened; but no one would listen. They try, even now, to make me believe I dreamt it in my illness. I've got it told now though, and every word of it is solemn truth. Besides, didn't I see and smell Letty burning the blue Shetland veil.

that's one good thing.
The Railway Key? Oh, I left that sticking in the door. That's all .- The

I've had no more music lessons since,

STATUARY.-The attention of our readers is called to the following items copied from the Concord, N. H. Daily Monitor, as it is of interest to those wishing anything in Monumental work, and also as showing the success and interests of our Michigan tradesmen: "Mr. David Patterson of 25 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Mich , the well known Granite contractor, is now baying cut here by the artist and sculptor, Mr. McCoronick, a beautiful statute 7 feet in height representing a female figure holding a wreath of flowers. The model from which it is being cut was executed by Sidne, G. Morse, of Massachusette and is a magnificent piece of work. Mr. Mc-Cormick finds the Concord Granite well adapt of for statuary, some of the finest pieces of Granite statuary in the country having been cut from it. The statute is for the elaborate tal is eight feet square at the base and with Mr. Fatterson is also having cut a number of other fine monuments among which are an elaborate tomb monument for the Rev. D. M. Cooper of Detroit, a very fine shaft monument for the Joremiah Godfrey cetate, also of Datroit, and monuments for Ezra Rust, Saginaw City, Mich , E. I. White, Lapeer, Mich, and for parties in Pontiac, Almont, Mitford and other places. We wish him every success. The work he is now having executsuch a chance! Of course. I wanted to see my handsome lad as good a gentleman as the best of them.' The old woman seemed to be talking on and on purposely; like telling a rigmarole to a child to keep it quiet. Sammy growled again in a milder tone.

'Oh, yes. Say it's all my fault, do! You can talk black white when it pleases you.'

—'It was your fault, Sammy. You might have lived happy and peaceable if you'd chorse. Haven't I have down. ed here would ce a credit to any house in

But habits are thistles of the heart, and every induigence of them is a sea from which will come forth a crop of rank weeds.

IT DOES THE WORK!

And has never been advertised to do anything it would not accomplish. Read the following from Buffalo, N. Y. Delta, O., and Elgin,

Suffalo, N. Y., Jan. 7, 1883.

Gents,—My little boy, two years old, was affected with rhoumattem in his left leg, seaming to be completely paralyzed from the hip-joint downward. For four months he hip-joint downward. For four months he was utterly incapable of waiking or using, his limb, and we looked upon the poor little fellow as being a cripple for life. We had twe different doctors to attend him, but they could do uching for him, and we tried everything we could think of, or that we were ndvised to do, without his getting any relief. Finally we were recommended to try Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil, and in ten days the little fellow could walk alone, and now he can run about as lively and sprightly as any child of his age.

Yours respectfully.

T. H. MORRISON.

212 Fourth St., Buffalo, N.Y.

Mesers. Surgent Bros., druggists, Delta, Ohlo, in ordering a quantity of Thomas' Educatric Oil, writes that they never sold any thing that gave such universal satisfaction in curing Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc.

E. Balch, Eigin, I'va., writes: "After trying dezens of patent infiments, without relief, for a rhearmatic and stiff knee, I feel I have 'struck oil at last;' for after using three bottles of thomas' Electric Oil, I am prepared to say it is the best application I have ever used.

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order try Burdock tea;" and then they had to dig the Burdock and boil it down in kettles, making a nasty, smelling detection; now you get all the curative properties put up in a pai-atable form in Burdock Blood Bitters, Price \$1.00.

Obstinacy and intolerance are the surest proofs of ignorance. A man's horizon is gen-erally measured by his knowledge, and by his capacity of knowing.

Mrs. A. N. Frank, 177 West Pupper "sir Buffalo, N. Y., says she has used THOMAS' EC-LECTRIC OIL for severe toothache and neural gla, and considers it the best thing she knows

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Be sure you know what you are talking about before you speak. Never betray your ignorance by urying to converce on a subject you know nothing about.

"Their Occupation Gone."

"Their Occupation Gone."

R. V. Pirre, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.,: I was attacked with congestion of the lungs, soreness over the liver, severe pain in the joints, a burning fever, and general giving away of the whole system. Failing to find relief in remedies prescribed, I tried your "Golden Medical Discovery." It effected my entire cure. Your medicines have only to be used to be appreciated. If every family would give them a trial nine-tenths of the doctors would, like Othello, find their occupation gone. Yours truly,

L. B. McMILLAN, M. D., Breesport, N. Y.

A medical writer says children need more wraps than adults. They generally got more. Could Hardly Stand on Her Feet.

R. V. Pirrece, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—I must tell you what your medicine has done for me. Before taking your "Favorite Prescription" I could hardly stand on my feet, but, by following your advice, I am perfectly cured. The "Favorite Prescription" is a wonderful medicine for debilitated and nervous females. I cannot express how thankful I am to you for your advice. Yours truly, MRS. CORNELIA ALLISON, Peosta, Ia.

"There is no place like home," said a hen-pscked husband, looking at a motto, "and," he added "I am glad there isn't."

The World's Lispensary and Invalide' Hotel, at Buffalo, N. Y., destroyed by fire a year ago, is rebuilt and full of patients. For "Invalid's Guide Book," giving particulars and terms of treatment, address, with two stamps, WORLD's DISPENSART MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. V.

A little boy was told by his mother to take a powder she had prepared for him. "Powder powder!" said he; "mother, I ain't a gun!"



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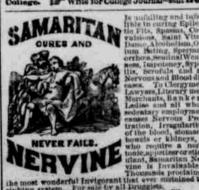
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